

Let the
Republican
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The Bellefontaine Republican.

Official
Paper
Of the City

VOLUME XLIV.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

NUMBER 104.

GOLD DUST

THE BEST
WASHING POWDER

Lard Cans

Full 50 lbs.	.25
Meat Cutters (60 lbs per Hour)	1.60
Meat Cutters (120 lbs per Hour)	2.00
Meat Cutters (180 lbs per Hour)	2.50
Butcher Knives, 10, 15, 20, and 25	
Coal Hods, 10, 15, 20, and 25	
Chopping Axes, 45, 65, and 75	
Chopping Axes Handled, 49 to 85	
Files, 8 inches	6 and 10

John Plummer,
120 WEST COLUMBUS AVE., BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

WE WILL SUIT YOU.

We have opened to the public one of the
finest tailoring establishments in this section
of the State.

All the Latest Novelties

In Woolens, both Foreign and Domestic.

Our Prices Are Right,

Consistent with good work, and our work is not
excelled anywhere.
Call on us and we will show you a line
of goods that will be sure to please you.

Doty & Gregg,

The Leading Merchant Tailors.

130 West Columbus Avenue.

July 29, 1898.

COLD WAVE COMING

And you are without warm

CLOTHING.

You should call and inspect our stock,
for it is full and complete.

Best Goods

AT

Best Prices

See us before you buy.

PARKER'S

Boston Clothing Co.

DR. W. G. STINCHCOMB,
Physician and Surgeon. Special attention
given to diseases of the eye and fitting
glasses. 120 North Main street, Bellefontaine,
Ohio.

JOHN C. MOVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention
given to collections and settlement of
accounts. Office 8 and 9, Lawrence Block,
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

S. A. BUCHANAN,
SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
Over 20 years' experience. Will do all
kinds of town and country work. Rooms
and 8, Lawrence Building, Bellefontaine, O.

A. JAY MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention
given to collections and settlement of
accounts. Rooms 8 and 9, Empire Block, Bellefontaine,
Ohio.

DR. C. W. HEFFNER,
Physician and Surgeon. No. 116 East Col-
umbus Ave. Treatment of the Eyes and
fitting glasses for defective vision, a specialty.

J. W. YOUNG, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. General prac-
titioner of medicine. Have special test
apparatus for accurately fitting glasses for those
who need them. Office 135 West Columbus
Ave. Residence 402 East Sandusky Ave.

HAMILTON BROS.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, and Real Estate
Agents. Office in Hamilton's Building,
east of the Logan House, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
Particular attention given to collections and
settlement of accounts. Will practice in State
and U. S. Courts. All business promptly at-
tended to.

SPAIN J. SOUTHWARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention
given to abstracts of title, loaning money
and drafting of all legal instruments. Prompt
attention paid to all business left with him.
Collections, etc. Office 135 West Columbus
Ave. Residence 402 East Sandusky Ave.

DR. J. H. WILSON,
HOMEOPATHIST. Special attention given
to diseases of the Nose and Throat. Office
in South Main Street, Bellefontaine, O.

JAMES O. WONDERS,
CIVIL ENGINEER. Rooms 8 & 9, Empire Block,
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

F. S. DEFREES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bellefontaine, O.
Rooms 8 and 9, Bellefontaine National
Bank Building. Money loaned and secured at
reasonable rates.

W. H. ROWLAND,
DENTIST. Office second floor south of
Republican office, Main street, opposite
Court House.

H. PAT. CHAMBERLIN. H. H. NEWELL.
CHAMBERLIN & NEWELL,
LAWYERS. General and commercial
practice. Settlement of estates and collections.
Opposite Court House, Main street, Bellefontaine,
Ohio.

WEST & WEST,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Collections given
prompt attention. Partition and settle-
ment of estates a specialty. Practice in the
State and U. S. Courts. Office on Main street,
directly opposite front entrance of the Court
house, Bellefontaine Ohio.

W. W. RIDDLE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office
over People's National Bank, Bellefontaine,
Ohio.

M. G. BELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bellefontaine, Ohio.
Office in Lawrence's New Block.

HOWENSTINE & HUSTON.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Bellefontaine,
Ohio. Particular attention given
to collections and settlement of estates. Office
in the Watson Building, Entrance on main St.

ROY LAMB, Pres. J. B. WILLIAMS, Vice Pres.
THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK.
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$45,000.
DIRECTIONS: Robt. Lamb,
Wm. M. Riddle,
Geo. M. Riddle,
J. B. Williams,
H. B. Keller.

J. E. THATCHER,
DENTIST.
SEALING GOLD CROWNS & BRIDGEWORK
MODERN METHODS
24 WEST COLUMBUS AVE.

Watches, Clocks,
Spoons, Ladles, Chains,
Bracelets, Gold and
Silver Trinkets.

We have one of the best assortments
of RINGS ever exhibited by
us and at the lowest possible prices.
Our Holiday Goods are fine. Call
and see them.

Watches, Clocks, Knives, Forks,
Spoons, Ladles, Chains,
Bracelets, Gold and
Silver Trinkets.

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of RINGS ever exhibited by
us and at the lowest possible prices.
Our Holiday Goods are fine. Call
and see them.

B. & B.

For Nice Waists and Girls'
Pretty Dresses

We've a special lot of choice all
wool Zibeline Plaids, 46 inches
wide.

35c YARD

—half price—the styles and qual-
ity will show they're half price—
and prove the offering to be of in-
terest in every home where this an-
nouncement is read.

They're Plaids of quiet tone
—blue, green, garnet, etc.—not
bright, but color enough to give
them good tone—styles that will
be approved by all people of taste.

All wool—46 inches wide—
35c yard—half price.
Over a hundred styles Plaids
here, 10c to \$1.50 yard.
Send also for samples of the
remarkable Dress Goods at

50c YARD

—42 to 52 inches wide—ten dif-
ferent choice dressy styles includ-
ing Camel Hair checks, Boucle
effects, silk and wool Novelties
and Cheviots that will be ap-
preciated for new dressy midwinter
dresses.

If you haven't yet received
our 250 page illustrated cat-
alogue, send your name and ad-
dress.

BOGGS & BUHL,

Department X.
ALLEGHENY, PA.
Dec. 21, 1898.

Rea's Drug

—AND—
GROCERY STORE,

ON S. MAIN ST.

Shoes to be closed out at cost.

Dr. Green's Remedies on sale. We want
Country Produce. Will pay the highest
market price for GOOD Butter and Eggs,
either in cash or trade.

REA'S STORE,

SOUTH MAIN ST.
Dec. 16, 1898-9.

THIRD

Big Horse Sale

At Kelly's Barn,

WEST LIBERTY, OHIO,

Thursday, Jan. 5, 1899.

On the above date, at Kelly's Livery
Barn, in West Liberty, O., the under-
signed will sell at public sale.

20 Head Fine Feeding Horses,

Which will surpass those sold at former
sales in every particular. They will be
young draft horses ranging in age from 3
to 5 years, and weighing 1,300 to 1,800
pounds. They will be the best that can
be purchased in the State of Iowa, and
all Farmers and Horsemen should be
in attendance at this sale.

Terms made known on day of sale.
Sale to begin at one o'clock p. m., rain
or shine.

JOHN HICKS,
Of Charles City, Iowa,
O. P. TAYLOR, Auctioneer.
Dec. 23, 1898-9.

CITY

Marshal's Proclamation

Let all persons take notice that hereafter
any one found or suspected of throwing any
refuse or any kind of matter into the streets or
alley within the corporate limits of the city
of Bellefontaine, Ohio, and allowing the same
to remain there for any period of time what-
soever will be arrested and prosecuted for a
misdemeanor under State and municipal law.

JOHN KERNAN, Marshal.
Dec. 16, 1898.

Executors Notice of Appoint-

ment.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned
has been duly appointed and qualified as ex-
ecutor of the last will and testament of
JOHN C. MOVER, deceased.

PHILIP M. SMITH, Executor.
Dec. 23, 1898-9.

Tremain's Insurance Agency,
Office 1 and 2 Empire Block,
No. 120 South Main Street, Bellefontaine,
Insures against Loss or Damage by
Fire, Lightning, Tornadoes
and Wind Storms.

THE SAWDUST MAN.

A simple sawdust man was he,
A clown with a scarlet vest,
With a story and song and a merry laugh,
With never a thought for the sober half
Of life, you said, when he sang and sat
The long applause through the great white
tent.

Only a sawdust man—ah, me!
But a sawdust man was he,
Only a sawdust man, I know,
But a father's heart beat warm,
And his cheeks were flushed with a deeper red
When from the dressing room was led
A beautiful child with golden hair,
Who kissed her hand to the great throng 'ere
The child of a sawdust man—ah, me!
But a sawdust man was he, maybe.

Only a sawdust man, I know,
And saw with a throbbing heart
A slender form drawn high above
The human sea, but a father's love
Must wear the mask of a merry laugh.
But his eyes no more left the golden hair,
And his heart stood still when she smiled
—me!

With tender hands they bore her out,
And gently laid her down,
A white was the brow 'neath the golden hair,
But the sawdust man must stay out there
For a merry song must yet be sung,
Though the heart be crushed and the harp un-
strung.

He was only a sawdust man—ah, me!
But a sawdust man was he,
—Harvey M. Barr in Nashville Banner.

MME. JAMBE.

You smile at her name, finding it ab-
surd perhaps, but Mme. Jambe—Mother
Jambe, the soldier's called her was for
many years cantiniere in a regiment of
the line, and in this capacity she was a
sort of good angel to the troops. Officers
and soldiers alike respected her.

She married when about 30 years of
age the quartermaster general of the
regiment. His time was nearly up, but
she remained with the colors in order to
help his wife keep the cautions.

After a year of married life a son
was born, and Mme. Jambe and her
husband agreed that as soon as he
should attain the proper age he, too,
should be a soldier. And about the year
passed into the ranks, and, being smart
and intelligent, he seemed to have a
bright future before him.

But the husband and father died sud-
denly in 1869. It was a terrible shock
to poor Mme. Jambe, and she would
hardly have survived it were it not for
the thought of her son and the hope that
he would be a comfort to her in her
declining years. Sorrow aged her
more than her rough life had done, and
she left the service and settled in a lit-
tle cottage just left by her parents in
the village of Clusey, near Pontarlier.

A year later war broke out, and this
was another sorrow for her to bear.
She was a patriot, was Mme. Jambe,
but she was a mother also.

During that terrible winter of 1870-1
she hardly slept for three consecutive
hours in the 24. Always on the alert
for news, she chafed sorely at the snow,
which almost cut off her little village
from the outer world and made com-
munication a matter of great difficulty.

Suddenly, toward the end of January,
the rumor spread that the army of the
east was approaching, having failed to
relieve Belfort. For nearly a week Mme.
Jambe kept a strict watch day and
night, scanning eagerly the road by
which she hoped to see the French ar-
rive.

They were signaled at last, but the
Germans were signaled, too, from the
opposite direction, and it seemed evi-
dent that the armies would encounter
one another in the immediate neighbor-
hood.

And now I will let Mme. Jambe take
up the story for what follows I had
from her own lips a few months after
the events described took place:

"One morning at dawn I heard a
noise at the door of the cottage and
the sound of breaking glass. I rose
hastily and ran down to the entrance.
I gave a cry; my boy was there, and
behind him stood three of his comrades,
but in what a state—haggard, hollow
cheeked, their uniforms in rags, their
boots almost in pieces, blue and shiver-
ing with cold!

"Mother, you must hide us," he said.
"The general has entrusted me with a
message to the commandant of the fort,
but the Prussians have seen us and are
in pursuit. They must not find us."

"Give me your order," I cried. "I
will take it while you hide here. No
one will suspect a woman."

"I had no time to finish. We heard a
discharge of musketry, and a neighbor
rushed in crying:

"The Prussians! The Prussians are
here!"

"I pushed my son and his friends in-
to a storeroom at the farther end of
which, under some hay, was the door
leading into the cellar, where I kept
my little stock of wine and cider.

"The Prussians entered in through
the open door. I saw others in the road.
There must have been about 100 of
them altogether. A young officer was in
command."

"He came up to me and said brutal-
ly:

"Is it you who are Mme. Jambe?"

"Yes, I am she," I answered him.

"Your son has just entered this
house."

"My son! He is far away from here,
always supposing that he is still alive."

"He is here; I am sure of it. Come,
now, where is he?"

"You must seek him, then."

"He made a sign, and I was sur-
prised and prevented from moving my
position. The soldiers ransacked the
house, I asking myself meanwhile who
could be the coward who had betrayed
my son."

"At last the brutes found him—him
and his friends, and I saw them dragged
out covered with mud in which they
had attempted to conceal themselves.
And my son! How brave and handsome
he looked, with his flashing eyes! Yes!
I felt proud of him. They were rigorously
searched for the message they were
supposed to bear, but as it was a verbal
one they could find nothing.

"The officer stamped about the little
room, mad with rage. Glancing at the
prisoners, he cried:

"Is your son among them?"

"He is not, and if he were I would
not confess it."

"He drew his sword on me, and then
we were all dragged out into the road-
way, the officer shouting:

"Where is the man who gave us the
information?"

"One of his companions has just
killed him," a Prussian sergeant replied,
pointing to a corpse, which I had not
seen, hidden as it was behind a bush.

"The traitor was a franco-tireur, who,
to save his own life, had given up my
son to the enemy. His punishment had
not been long delayed."

"The murderer will be shot!" cried
the officer. Then, looking fiercely at a
group of villagers who were cowering
under the men's bayonets, he continued:

"Some one among you knows the
man Jambe; point him out to me or I
will order my men to fire on you!"

"Ah, they were brave, my neighbors!
They made no reply."

"Then we will soon find out," he
gave an order in a low voice. His men
pinned me with my back against a wall
and placed rifles in the hands of my
son and his comrades.

"And the officer said:

"On the word of command you will
fire and kill that woman. If you dis-
obey it will be your turn next."

"A cry of horror ran through the
crowd, followed by a dead silence. I
well, I offered my soul to the bon Dieu,
telling myself that I must try to show
how a Frenchwoman could die if she
needed it, and I waited, watching my son.

"But he did not seem to see me. His
eyes were turned to his comrades. They
seemed to be making signs to one another."

"Ready!" the word of command
thundered.

"Fire!" They obeyed, cover-
ing me with their rifles.

"Fire!" They turned suddenly to
the right about. An explosion followed
and four Prussians, the officer among
the number, fell. And above the roar
of the discharge I heard my boy's voice
clearly:

"Fire! Yes, but on you, you cow-
ard!"

"A general volley on the part of the
Prussians followed, and I fell with a
bullet in my shoulder. Before I lost
consciousness, however, I saw that my
son was still unhurt."

"I learned afterward that just at this
moment the cannon of the Fort de Joux
began to play. The commandant had
caught the reflection of the sunlight
from the Prussians' helmets, and con-
cluding—none too soon—that something
was taking place he sent
five shells into the crowd and rapidly
dispersed the enemy."

Mme. Jambe died a few years after
the events which I have related as
nearly as I can in her own words took
place. Her story was a sad one, but
the other day on hearing that the
son of this brave woman had just been
promoted to the command of the regi-
ment.—Exchange.

Medicinal Virtues of Golf.
Golf can be played at the year, inde-
pendently of atmospheric vicissitudes,
during all the seven ages of man, by
delicate young girls as well as by strong
athletes, and even by decrepit old men
whose declining powers do not admit of
severe exertion. It combines exercise,
pleasure and fresh air without risk
of injury to heart, lungs or nervous sys-
tem, as is the case in certain other ex-
ercises in which there is high blood pres-
sure and arterial tension. There is abso-
lutely no danger attached to the game
and consequently no accidents ensue.

The obesity and degeneration of mid-
dle age, when the biops have diminished
and one's energy is failing, may be help-
ed by devotion to golf. It is pre-emi-
nently in functional nervous disease
that our great Anglo-Saxon game is to
be recommended. No exercise or recrea-
tion is better fitted for the mentally
overworked, the hysterical, the melan-
cholic. None so helps to preserve the
concerted action of eye, brain and mus-
cle known as the psychological moment.

None, perhaps with the exception of
swimming, gives one so good an ap-
petite. There is not a more sovereign remedy
for dyspepsia, and as to insomnia,
such a thing scarcely exists among the
devotees of golf.—International Medical
Magazine.

"Racing" Engines.
To prevent the engines of a vessel
from "racing" when the screw rises
above the water, Signor E. Putalo has
invented an electrical regulator. The
contrivance, according to Industries
and Iron, consists of two vessels of mer-
cury, connected at the bottom by a tube
and mounted fore and aft in the ship.
The vessels are about half full at nor-
mal depth. When the ship pushes for-
ward so as to raise the screw, the rods
connected with the resistance are sub-
merged one after the other, so that an
electro magnet is brought into play, the
whole resistance being short circuited
when the screw is quite out of the wa-
ter. The electro magnet operates a throt-
tle valve in the main steam pipe, which
is thrown open by another magnet. By
this arrangement the steam is turned
off and on. From experiments it has
been shown that the mercury vessels
need not be more than 24 inches apart
on a ship 800 feet long.

They Married.
Perhaps he repented, perhaps he did
it only for fun. Said he, "My darling
Ethel, what would you say if I were to
tell you that I cannot marry you?"

"I would say, my dearest love, that
I have a big brother who would make
it warm for you and that I have some
of the sweetest little billets doux that
would make it expensive for you,
George, dear."

"But, you know, I haven't said it."
"I know you haven't, my pet."

"So we'd better get married, hadn't
we?"

"I think so, my precious."—London
Tit-Bits.

THE WHISTLING BOY.

Is there a sound in the world so sweet on a
dark and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the gloom with-
in, till we wish we'd not been born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly
whistling in the rain,
While he drives the cows to pasture green
down the path in the muddy lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not damp-
ened by autumn rain.
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet
are not spoiled by grime or stain.
The world to him is a wonderful place that he
means some day to explore.
If there's time to play and plenty to eat, who
cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh as the
drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips and clears the soul
of the gloom that brooded there.
And we bless the boy as he puts along through
rivers of rain and mud.
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note
could rainbow the sky in a flood.

—Celia S. Berkehauser in Ladies' Home Jour-
nal.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

"There are some advantages," said
Ronald meditatively, "in being a coun-
in, after all."

He addressed Angelica, who sat op-
posite him. All about them was deep
blue serenity—on one hand stretching
away distantly into long shining masses
of greenish brown rocks, with ragged
cliffs towering above them. Angelica's
hands were thrust into the pockets of a
provoking red coat, her hat was tilted
a little forward and the breeze dived
in among her curls, tossing them
merrily about her face. She was a di-
minutive person in all respects save
two, which were particularly large,
brilliant, languishing and in every way
dangerous.

"